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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

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ELEVEN

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most dangerous force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

Written by:
GARTH ENNIS

Lettered by:
SIMON BOWLAND

Illustrated by:
DARICK ROBERTSON

Colored by:
TONY AVIÑA

Inks, pages 5, 8, 9, 16, 20, 21 by:
RODNEY RAMOS

Cover by:
ROBERTSON & AVIÑA

The Boys Created By:
ENNIS & ROBERTSON

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NICK BARRUCCI • PRESIDENT
JUAN COLLADO • CHIEF OPERATING OFFICER
JOSEPH RYBANDT • DIRECTOR OF MARKETING
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JASON ULLMEYER • GRAPHIC DESIGNER

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...WELL HOW D'YOU THINK HE GOT HIS ARMS BIG ENOUGH TO FIT ALL THEM FUCKIN' CLAWS IN 'EM? STEROIDS?

DO ME A FAVOR, HE'S WANKIN' OFF TWENTY TIMES A DAY. HE'S GOT A STACK OF PORN MAGS AN' SKIN FLICKS YOU COULD BURY A MAN UNDER, AN' HE'S GIVIN' IT THE FIVE KNUCKLE-SHUFFLE DAWN TO DUSK. UNCANNY?

I SHOULD BLEEDIN' COCO.

RIGHT, WE'RE HERE.

GLAD TO HEAR IT. IT'S NOT EXACTLY THE HEIGHT O' LUXURY, IS IT?

NO, BUT IT'S FREE. AN' NO ONE KNOWS WE'RE COMIN'.

WAKE FRENCHIE, WILL YOU? HAVE HIM WAKE THE FEMALE.

YO.

JUST A SHAME ABOUT THE IN-FLIGHT MEAL.

AN' THE IN-FLIGHT ENTERTAINMENT. YOU SNORE LIKE A BASTARD, HUGHIE, DID ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT?

SHITE, REALLY?

HE'S FUCKIN' WITH YOU, HUGHIE.

BUT YOU DO FART LIKE A MUTHAFUCKA.

WE'RE WITH THE COMPANY SO WE FLY WITH THE AIR FORCE. HAS ITS PERKS.

THOUGH IF YOU HAVE THE MILES--

YOU SHOULD NEVER FLY ANYTHING LESS THAN BUSINESS.

WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN TO THEM NOW?

WELL, THEY CAME ABOARD AT ANKARA, SO MY GUESS IS ANCHORAGE. VIA A COUPLE MORE PICK-UPS IN ISLAMABAD AN' SEOUL.

ANCHORAGE...?

NOT SO LOUD, HUGHIE. IF THEY ALL PISS THEMSELVES AT ONCE THE CREW CHIEF'LL THROW A FIT.

ANYWAY.

WELCOME TO MOSCOW, TOVARICH.

GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN

part one

OOOOHH... OOOOHHH...

YES...!

OOOOOOHHH--!

WHAT'S THAT...*BUZZING* NOISE?

IS SHE--?

USING ELECTRONIC ITEMS LIKELY TO INTERFERE WITH AIRCRAFT SYSTEMS? BE A BIT OF A FIRST IF IT DID, WOULDN'T IT?

THAT'S DISGUSTING...!

HEY, YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO TEACHING LITTLE BROWN PEOPLE HOW TO FLY MIGS, YOU QUIT ANYTIME YOU LIKE. I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT SHIT OVER CUBA.

IN THE MEANTIME, NEW BOY?

YOU WANT TO KEEP FROM HAVING *RATS* SEWN UP INSIDE YOU--

"YOU WATCH YOUR MOUTH WHEN YOU TALK ABOUT LITTLE NINA."

AH, MS. NAMENKO, WE'LL BE TOUCHING DOWN IN JUST UNDER A MINUTE. ALL NECESSARY ARRANGEMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE AND THE CARS ARE WAITING.

WE'LL REMAIN AT THE AIRPORT WITH THE 'PLANE; ONCE WE'VE REFUELLED WE'LL BE READY TO GO AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS CALL US--

YOU'VE NOW STATED THE OBVIOUS SIX TIMES.

HOLD YOUR TONGUE.

OR I'LL FIND A BETTER USE FOR IT ON THE RETURN FLIGHT.

ABOUT THE BLEEDIN' TIME...

TH-TH-TH-TH-THANK F-F-F-F-F-*FUCK*--

WHERE THE BLOODY HELL HAVE YOU BEEN, MONKEY?

SORRY I--

YEAH, YEAH, YEAH. YOU LEAVE US STANDING AROUND LIKE CUNTS AGAIN AN' I'LL HAVE YOUR BOLLOCKS FOR MARBLES, SUNSHINE.

OFF WE GO THEN. LET'S TAKE THE SCENIC ROUTE.

MUST SAY I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU HERE, MONKEY. THOUGHT YOU WERE HAPPY DRIVING A DESK IN LANGLEY.

TEMPORARY LIAISON SO LONG AS YOU'RE IN TOWN. I SPENT TWO YEARS IN THE EMBASSY, SO I HAVE QUITE A BIT OF LOCAL EXPERIENCE.

OH, RIGHT.

SO IT'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THE WOMEN'S PARALYMPIC EXHIBITION TOURNAMENT THEY'RE HOLDIN' HERE; THAT'S JUST A COMPLETE COINCIDENCE, IS IT?

NNN... *NNNOOOO...*

YOU DIRTY LITTLE SOD.

SO...DIRECTOR RAYNER READ YOUR REPORT ON THE INCIDENT WITH TEENAGE KIX...

DID SHE NOW.

I READ IT TOO. UM--

THE DIRECTOR WANTED ME TO COMMUNICATE TO YOU HER CONCERN...*AH*...SHE PICKED UP ON THE, THE SENSE YOU GAVE THAT...I MEAN READING BETWEEN THE LINES, THE SUGGESTION THAT THE MESSAGE ALERTING THE KIX TO YOUR INVOLVEMENT ***MIGHT*** HAVE ORIGINATED IN HER OFFICE...

SHE WANTED ME TO ASSURE YOU THAT THAT IS COMPLETELY, TOTALLY, ABSOLUTELY ***IMPOSSIBLE...***

WELL, YOU TELL HER MESSAGE RECEIVED AND UNDERSTOOD, MONKEY.

SO... WE'RE GOOD, RIGHT?

MESSAGE RECEIVED.

AND UNDERSTOOD.

RIGHT, BECAUSE--YOU KNOW, IT'S JUST THAT--

WE'RE GETTING OUT HERE.

HERE...?

YOU TAKE OUR STUFF ON TO THE HOTEL. I'LL GIVE YOU A SHOUT IF I NEED YOU, BUT I DOUBT I WILL.

TAKE THE DAY OFF AN' GO TO THE SPACKATHON, MONKEY.

MAY AS WELL MAKE THE MOST OF IT, EH?

BILLY!!

HELLO, VAS.

BILLY! COMRADE! IT HAS BEEN AEONS, COME HERE YOU MOTHERFUCKER!

RRRAAAARRRRGGGHH!!

FUCKIN' HELL, VAS, YOU'RE GONNA BLOODY PUT ME IN TRACTION--!

MOTHER'S MILK AND THE FRENCHMAN! IT HAS BEEN COON'S AGE!

ONE WAY OF PUTTIN' IT, VAS.

MON BRAVE!

AND *FEMALE!*

LADY WHO WILL NOT BE TOUCHED! EXPENSIVE LESSON I LEARN WELL!

NO MATTER!

HUGHIE, THIS IS VASILII VORISHIKIN. VAS, THIS--

LITTLE HUGHIE! WELCOME TO RUSSIA, MY FRIEND, BILLY HAS TOLD ME MUCH ABOUT YOU!

OH, WELL THAT'S GOOD...BUT HE DIDN'T ACTUALLY MENTION YOU...

DIDN'T TELL YOU WHY YOU COME HERE EITHER, I BET! SAME OLD BILLY, KEEPING EVERYONE IN DARK UNTIL IT SUITS HIM!

HOW ABOUT THAT.

SIT, SIT! ALL IS REVEALED AS LAYERS OF MYSTERY PEELED AWAY!

OKAY, ALL SAD LONELY FUCKERS GO HOME! BAR IS CLOSED FOR PRIVATE FUNCTION! *GO!*

EXCEPT FOR YOU, FLUNKY. YOU ARE USEFUL MAN TO HAVE AROUND.

WE HAVE DRINK NOW, TOAST REUNION OF OLD FRIENDS.

YOU WAIT, I GET BEST VODKA.

SO... WHAT'RE WE DOIN' IN MOSCOW...

AN' WHO *IS* HE?

WELL, PIN YOUR EARS BACK.

ABOUT TWO WEEKS AGO, A SUPE POPPED UP IN ONE OF THE GHETTOES OF THIS FAIR CITY. VILLAIN RATHER THAN HERO, APPEARED OVER A MARKET SQUARE AN' ANNOUNCED WHO HE WAS AN' WHAT HIS EVIL PLAN OF ALL-CONSUMIN' TYRANNY WAS GONNA BE--NEITHER OF WHICH I REMEMBER FROM THE REPORTS I SAW, BUT I DOUBT IT MATTERS A FUCK.

BECAUSE RIGHT THERE AN' THEN THE CUNT'S HEAD EXPLODED.

JUST LIKE THAT, BANG, FUCKIN' CLARET AN' BRAINS AN' BITSA SKULL EVERYWHERE. WHOLE HEAD GONE.

THEN TWO DAYS LATER IT HAPPENED AGAIN.

WERE THEY SHOT...?

NOBODY HEARD NOTHIN'. NO BALLISTIC MATERIAL RECOVERED, NO WEAPON.

AIN'T THAT EASY TO BLOW A DUDE'S HEAD OFF, HUGHIE.

BRAINS OUT, SURE. BUT ANYTHING ELSE IS HOLLYWOOD BULLSHIT.

FIFTY CALIBER, AVEC SILENCIEUX? TWELVE POINT SEVEN MILLI?

VAS IS GETTING' US INTO THE MORGUE THIS AFTERNOON, FRENCHIE. YOU CAN HAVE A PROPER DEKKO THEN, ALL RIGHT?

BACK IN THE EARLY NINETIES, I READ ABOUT SOME EGGHEAD HAVIN' A GO AT A BOOSTED VERSION OF COMPOUND V- BOOSTED PAST THE POINT IT STOPPED BEIN' STABLE, APPARENTLY.

IDEA WAS, YOU COULD INJECT THIS STUFF INTO A SUPE AN' IT'D BE LIKE A CHEMICAL TIME BOMB. GET THE DOSE RIGHT AN' THE BODY'D TEAR ITSELF APART. COMPLETELY UNTRACEABLE, THE TWATS'RE ALL SHOT FULL OF V TO BEGIN WITH.

BUT WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO...

KILL SUPES? I HAVEN'T THE SLIGHTEST IDEA, MATE.

IT DIDN'T WORK.

NO. TOO UNSTABLE. THEY SHOT IT INTO V'ED UP CHIMPS, AN' HALF THE TIME NOTHIN' HAPPENED AT ALL.

THE OTHER HALF, YOU COULDN'T PREDICT WHEN IT WAS GONNA GO OFF. ONE EXPLODED ***TWO YEARS*** AFTER INJECTION, WHEN IT'D BEEN SOLD TO A FUCKIN' ZOO...

WE DRINK!

UP TO SPEED, LITTLE HUGHIE?

I THINK SO. YOU'RE GONNA GET US INTO THE MORGUE, IS THAT RIGHT?

VAS USED TO BE A COPPER, HUGHIE.

BY DAY WAS COP. BY NIGHT WAS *MIGHTY SUPERHERO,* LEADER OF TEAM *GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN.*

OH AYE?

WE FOUGHT FOR WORKERS. FOR *COMRADES.*

THE TRACTOR... PURGE...RED BANNER... COLLECTIVO...

AND THERE I AM AT BACK: *LOVE SAUSAGE.*

DAYS OF WONDER, LITTLE HUGHIE.

DAYS OF WONDER.

LOVE SAUSAGE...?

TELL YOU LATER.

CHEERS, MATE.

LONG LIFE AN' GOOD SHIT.

NOSTROVIA.

SANTE!

AYE, CHEERS...

GAK

OH FUCK, HUGHIE--

I'M SORRY, MATE, I THOUGHT YOU *SAW*...

QUITE A KICK, LITTLE HUGHIE! WILL PUT HAIR UP THE SHAFT OF YOUR COCK!

THERE'S BEEN A COMPLICATION, AND IT'S ONE YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO DEAL WITH YOURSELF.

OH?

FIVE COMPLICATIONS AND A DOG, TO BE PRECISE.

WE CAN'T BE IMPLICATED, NOT BY THE REMOTEST SUGGESTION. I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW HOW YOU'RE GOING TO HANDLE THINGS.

THIS HAD BETTER BE IMPORTANT. I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM GROZNYY TODAY.

WELL, I HAD TO COME ALL THE WAY FROM WASHINGTON.

SO DON'T EXPECT ANY SYMPATHY FROM ME.

SOLE
SAKE

FRENCHIE?

NON.

UN BALLE MUST EXPLODE TO DO SUCH DAMAGE. HERE THERE IS NO SHRAPNEL, NOT EVEN UN PEU.

NO SHRAPNEL: NO BALLE.

IDENTIFIE COMME SONT TATTOOS, IT SAYS. MON DIEU, IL EST HARDCORE R.O.C....

R.O.C.?

RUSSIAN ORGANISED CRIME, MATE. BAD FUCKIN' BASTARDS.

OI, VAS, D'YOU KNOW WHO THIS CUNT IS?

DA, BILLY. OTHER ONE ALSO.

COCKROACHES ARE EVERYWHERE NOW.

YOU ALL RIGHT THERE, VAS?

OH, YES, HUGHIE. SAD FOR RODINU, IS ALL.

SORRY...?

MOTHERLAND.

COCKROACHES EVERYWHERE, HUGHIE. CRIMINAL PARASITES THAT INFEST OUR CITY--OR JUST MORGUE ATTENDANT WHO TAKES BRIBE TO OPEN *GOVERNMENT FACILITY.* DISGRACEFUL.

I DO WHAT I MUST TO HELP BILLY'S BOYS, BUT...I AM SAD.

AS *LOVESAUSAGE* I COULD *DO* SOMETHING. WITH GLORIOUS FIVE YEAR PLAN, ALL GOOD COMMUNISTS, ALL FIGHTING *TOGETHER*-- ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL. FOR *RODINU.*

BATTLE CORRUPTION. SMASH ENEMIES OF STATE, DESTROY EXPLOITERS OF WORKERS.

BUT COMMUNISM ENDS. NOTHING WORKS RIGHT ANYMORE.

EVERYTHING MECHANICAL BREAKS DOWN. TO DO WITH PEOPLE... BECOMES CORRUPT. COPS USELESS, POLITICIANS USELESS, NO ONE *HELPS* ANYONE...

IS LIKE MY MOTHER'S HEART IS GONE.

YOU THINK IT'S THIS V SHIT?

WELL...THEY CLOSED THE PROJECT DOWN, BUT THERE'S BOUND TO'VE BEEN A *BIT* LEFT LYIN' AROUND. SOMEONE GETS HOLD OF IT, IT FINDS ITS WAY ONTO THE MARKET...

MONKEY COULD TELL US. OR THE LAB BOYS AT THE EMBASSY COULD.

LISTEN TO ME! MISERY GUTS!

HEY BILLY, YOU WANT TRY MOSCOW PIZZA? IS NOT LIKE JOE'S ON CARMINE, BUT PRETTY FUCKING GOOD...!

SOUNDS BRILLIANT, MATE. WE'RE JUST GONNA CUT A CHUNK OFF THIS ARSEHOLE AN' THEN WE'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU.

I CALL FLUNKY AT BAR, GET HIM TO FETCH LARGE PIE. BE WAITING FOR US.

YOU KNOW THERE IS TALK OF *COMMUNIST REVIVAL* IN RUSSIA, HUGHIE? PEOPLE SICK OF WAY THINGS GO, PREFER GOOD OLD DAYS?

NO, I HADN'T HEARD THAT, NO...

POLITICAL PARTY. SMALL, BUT GETTING BIGGER.

I THINK PERHAPS I CHECK IT OUT.

I THINK PERHAPS I FIND IT INTERESTING.

AH! *FLUNKY!*

WHERE THE HELL IS FLUNKY?

PIZZA

SHOULD BE HERE BY NOW. WITH PIZZA.

PATHETIC COCKROACH.

STALINGRAD

NOT LIKE THIS IN OLD DAYS... NO...

SO VAS USED TO BE A SUPE, THEN?

THAT'S RIGHT, YEAH.

BEER

BUT YOU DON'T MIND USIN' HIM ANYWAY. WHAT'S HE, THE EXCEPTION THAT PROVES THE RULE, OR SOMETHIN'?

WELL, YOU USED TO WET THE BED, HUGHIE, BUT WE STILL USE YOU. NOBODY'S PERFECT.

LA PORTE?

J'AI UNE FAIM DE LOUP...!

FUCKIN' ANSWER FOR EVERYTHING...

DO ME BEST.

ALL RIGHT, WHAT ABOUT THESE R.O.C. BOYS, YOU GONNA TELL US ABOUT THEM?

BAD MUTHAFUCKAS.

FUCKIN' CUNTS.

PIZZA!

WHERE IS FLUNKY?

BUNCHA BLOODY SAVAGES, MATE. ONLY WAY THEY PLAY'S FOR KEEPS.

THEY'RE THE KINDA BASTARDS SIT AROUND THINKIN' UP NEW AN' HORRIBLE WAYS TO NOBBLE PEOPLE, SO THAT EVERYONE STAYS FUCKIN' TERRIFIED OF 'EM...

PIZZA PEOPLE DO NOT DELIVER. WAS NOT FLUNKY AT DOOR?

JUST UN HOMME. I PAY, I TIP, HE GOES.

WHAT SORTA WAYS?

FUCK, WHERE TO BEGIN? LIKE, WELL...

LIKE--

FUCK.

LIKE... THIS?

...THAT'S THE SORTA THING, YEAH.

CERTAINLY ONE WAY OF SAYIN' HELLO, INNIT?

next: WE'LL KEEP THE RED FLAG FLYING HERE